

The
Johnson Journal



May Number, 1925

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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NO. 3.

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EDITORIAL

SPRING FEVER.

Everyone's tired, everyone's hazy,
What makes everyone feel so lazy?
This is the question asked by many
Give us the answer if there's any.

Lessons poor, intelligence diminished
The year's work never will be finished!
This is the teacher's daily cry.
Can you guess the reason why?

The Freshmen are losing the sparkle of
youth,
The twinkle has gone from their eyes in
truth.
"Silence is golden," the Sophies cry,
"Still waters run deep and muddy," we
sigh.

Wise cracks are heard along the hall,
 "The Juniors are loose," cry one and all.
 The Seniors of dignity quite bereft,
 As black sheep, wander to right and left.

The faculty truly is up in the air;
The pupils are driving them to despair.
Why can't they realize and be of good
cheer,
The only trouble is Spring is here.

—B. S. '25.

TALK! TALK! TALK!

Talk is what most of us indulge in when we should not and what is sadly lacking when needed. How good it would be for us if we could only hear a person recite properly when he is called upon to answer questions. We would never have to say, "We didn't hear" or "Stop mumbling." That is what we do—mumble. We think our answers are wrong, so we endeavor to escape notice by murmuring very low. But does it do us any good? We always have to repeat.

Some of the pupils point out—"Silence is golden." That proverb is true in many respects and would apply to our spare periods but not to our recitations. Remember: "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and let us hear.

THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT.

The Student Government plan which has been so effective in many high schools in preserving order and promoting a higher morale and sense of responsibility may perhaps be said to have gained a foothold here in Johnson.

At any rate the germs of the idea have taken hold. The Senior class under the direction of Miss Helen Thomas and Miss Irene Cook have organized on a plan of government somewhat similar to the order of procedure in the United States Senate. The officers are a Speaker, a Clerk, and a Sergeant-at-Arms. The officers will be newly-elected every Thursday and will go into office Monday of the following week. The Speaker will conduct the class, recognize members who wish to speak, and co-operating with the teachers will give the grades. The Clerk will keep a journal in which the events and topics of discussion for each day will be recorded. The clerk will read these notes at each meeting and will call the roll. The duty of the Sergeant-at-Arms will be to preserve order. If a member is unruly and has been reprimanded three times the Sergeant, with the consent of the Speaker, may eject the offender. The members on their part pledge themselves to keep silence while anyone is speaking.

Those of us who are Seniors will remember the humble beginning of the Johnson Journal—a hand-printed sheet of yellow paper. If from such a small beginning our paper has grown, there is good reason to expect a similar growth in Student Government. Let us look forward.

WANTED—A DEFINITION FOR PRIDE.

It takes more than clear weather to make an autumn day perfect in the mind of a small boy. Bobby if asked would have added that one needed a holiday, free from thoughts of lessons and household chores, and permission to roam through the woods, to make a day entirely perfect. As all these things had been granted, the boy's cup of joy was full to overflowing.

There had been some discussion as to whether he should be allowed to go. Aunt Sarah, a typical example of that human parasite familiarly known as a kill-joy, had said that there was enough that Robert could do at home without gallivanting in the woods all day. Mother had had qualms because of rumors which made the wood the headquarters of a notorious bootlegging band. Dad, however, having been a boy once himself, overruled all objections; so the late forenoon

found Bobby scuffling gleefully through the piles of dry leaves.

The wood was not far from the farm and Bobby soon reached it. The bump of the well filled lunch basket, which was slung across one shoulder, was an ever-present reminder of good things within; so he soon decided that it must be dinner time. He seated himself on the trunk of a fallen tree, and boylike, almost as if to prove to himself that he was alone, ate his dinner backward—half expecting to hear Aunt Sarah's voice raised in horror-stricken protest. While he ate he looked about him. A squirrel watched him with bright inquiring eyes—unafraid; a blue-jay tilted on a branch of scarlet and gold foliage while from the depths of the wood came the plaintive cry of a whip-poor-will. The boy's eyes came to rest finally on a square of cardboard nailed to a nearby tree on which was printed the words: "\$500 Reward. This sum will be given for any information leading to the arrest of persons engaged in transporting or smuggling contraband goods." That was what mother had been talking about.

"Gee, wouldn't it be bully if I could catch 'em! Wouldn't mother and dad be proud?" The boy spoke aloud, and then glanced about a bit fearfully to see if there was anyone near. The woods appeared to be empty except for the forest folk. How quiet it was! Bobby was not afraid, but he half wished he had brought Jimmie, the boy next door, with him. Jimmie was younger, and something of a nuisance—but—"Gee, how still the woods were." He guessed he would fill his basket with nuts, and go home.

He would probably have gone at once had he known that from behind a nearby clump of sumac a pair of eyes watched his every movement. The owner of those eyes had heard the boys' words and smiled sardonically. He had had dreams of prowess like the boys once, long ago. Because those dreams gave him a feeling of kinship, he decided to leave the boy to his own devices.

Bobby picked up the basket and scuffed around in the leaves, but found but few nuts. Espying another tree a few yards away he went over to it and continued his search. Suddenly he kicked something hard. There was a crash as of breaking glass, and a disagreeable odor pervaded the formerly pure air.

The man smothered an oath. He had

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forgotten that cache of liquor hidden under the leaves. Now the kid had broken some of the bottles. He shrugged, pushed the bushes apart, and strode over to the boy, who was staring stupidly at the damage he had wrought.

"Looking for nuts, son?" he asked, in what he hoped would pass for an amiable tone.

Bobby after giving him a startled look nodded, and again looked down to pile at his feet. The man, following his gaze, found the damage done to the bottles to be greater than he had expected. He would have to keep the kid here until the gang, which he expected soon, arrived. If he could not deceive him—

"What's all this?" he exclaimed in a somewhat overdone tone of surprise. "Quite a find! I tell you what—let's fill the basket, and then we'll tell the police."

Bobby, far from being deceived by this outward show of friendliness and if the truth were told, more than a little frightened, agreed at once as he had no better plan. With two searching the basket soon began to fill. They searched silently each busy with his own problem until suddenly there came a sharp cry from the man. Bobby turned to find him wrenching at something which held his ankle as in a vice. Upon closer inspection it proved to be a bear trap, quite rusty but strong. As soon as it became apparent that he could not free himself, Bobby, heedless of commands to stop, started for home as fast as his sturdy legs would carry him.

Arriving breathless and basketless he told his story to an amazed family. So it came about that the boy rode back in state in the chief's automobile to the scene of his adventure.

The capture of the man led to the arrest of the other members of the band, and Bobby's dream came true. For soon afterward, there came a letter containing a check for five hundred dollars for Master Robert Greenwood.

"But the funny part of it was," Bobby said to a friend, later, "Mother didn't seem a bit proud. She cried!"

MAXINE FISHER, '25.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE ADDICTS.

(Suggested by Picture, on Saturday Evening Post.)

"I do declare, that no 'count errand boy up at the Boston Grocery, Dry Goods

and General Store ain't brought my groceries yet. I'm makin' jam tarts and I'm all out of flour. Zebulon, you'll jest have to go up to Harness and get those things. Be quick about it, too!"

So donning his old black overcoat with the terrible conspicuous checked collar and grabbing a basket and his wife's umbrella (Zebulon predicted stormy weather) he ploughed his way through the snow-drifted road up to the store. There he found Beriah Higgins, sole proprietor, hugging the stove in the middle of the room. He made an extremely funny picture as he sat with his legs crossed and feet encased in old-fashioned slippers, gazing thoughtfully into space. In his hands were a pencil and a partly completed cross word puzzle.

He hailed Mr. Pratt as he entered, "Kin ye think of a word meanin' storm in four letters?"

"Well now I don't knows' I kin but mebbe the dictionary kin."

So completely forgetting his wife and the jam tarts he threw his basket and umbrella onto the floor, drew a stool up to the stove and began hunting for a possible word.

The store dog was sprawled out under Mr. Higgins' chair fast asleep.

Time flew on—both were absorbed in solving that puzzle when into the room actually blew Mrs. Pratt.

"Zebulon Pratt! So here ye be! If you ain't the most fergitfulest critter! Here I am waitin' and waitin' to make them tarts and you jest whiling away the time doin' them crazy new fangled puzzles."

"Wall, I swan, if I didn't clear fergit the flour," gasped Mr. Pratt.

"Jest like a man!" declared his wife as she seized her flour and departed.

GLADYS STORK '28.

SENIOR COURT.

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the Senior Court and its career.

On the 17th of April in '25,
Scarcely a case has e'er been tried
That was its equal, far or wide.
How stately did the judge walk in
To announce the Court would then begin.
How the Court-Physician testified
The man was living 'fore he died.
How hot the argument did get
About the wreck and where 'twas met.
While several times throughout the hall
Rose screams of laughter—teachers—
all.

How spry the plaintiff took the stand
 Without the aid of crutch or hand.
 The life-long cripple (termed to be)
 Just had internal injury.
 Thirty minutes passed away
 And still the lawyers held full sway.
 The points they made were sharp and
 bright
 (They made the Bar-men sit upright)
 The train on which he had the smash
 'Twas said it stopped with quite a crash.
 And then the man (the witness said)
 Was seen to fall 'sif he were dead.
 But where it happened caused debate,
 At Lawrence, South or Northern gate?
 The jury filed to 'nother room
 And then returned (but not too soon).
 Then did the foreman speak up loud,
 And bravely faced the anxious crowd.
 The verdict went to the plaintiff's side.
 The defendant's lawyer sat and sighed.
 Yet not for long with this he dealt,
 But straightway had the case appealed.

RUTH E. PAISLEY, '25.

WITHOUT RHYME—OR REASON.

It was a warm Spring morning and if anyone had cared to look into an old New England farm house in the late '90's, one would have seen a little old lady, sitting at a gate-legged table, paring apples. She was a very pretty sight to look upon as she sat there, with her snow-white hair, pink cheeks, twinkling blue eyes, and features as clearly cut as a cameo. Soon, a noise was heard at the door, and a tall man entered. He was the trusted "hired man" of Miss Beth. He was clothed in overalls, which were neat, but faded and patched. He had a wooden leg and so was unable to move with any great speed. He was slow in action and speech, the sort of man in whom you would have implicit trust.

Miss Beth spoke up briskly, "John, I want you to clean the buggy and harness, for I want to go to church next Sunday evening."

"Yes'm," replied John, "I'll clean 'em up good."

At noon time, when they were seated for dinner, the rural postman left a registered letter for Miss Beth. When she opened it, a yellow slip of paper dropped out. John sprang to pick it up and Miss Beth said, "You might put it in my pocketbook, now that you're up." Then she turned back to her letter. It was hard to understand and written in a peculiar hand-writing, so John's younger and probably more experienced eyes were

called upon to give some help. After a while, she said, "John, I think you can leave your planting for this afternoon. You've been wanting to go to Balbrook (the nearest city) and as I've got to go and cash that check, you might as well go with me. Be ready in about half an hour."

The days passed in the same uneventful way, until Sunday came. Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock, Miss Beth and John started for Newton, a distance of about three miles, to attend church there.

Upon her arrival there, Miss Beth immediately entered the church, while John hitched the horse. Then John was accustomed to slip into one of the rear pews, and after the service was over, he would unhitch the horse and wait for Miss Beth.

After church was over they drove together in the sweet Spring stillness. At last, Miss Beth spoke up, "How did you like the service? I didn't quite agree with what Mr. Jones said tonight, did you?"

John replied, "It was all right."

Again Miss Beth spoke up, "Did you get all of the text? I couldn't hear very well, could you?"

"No," replied John, morosely.

"I think it is just as Mr. Jones said, there is more wickedness in the world today than there ever was," continued Miss Beth. "Look at those people in Boston, there's a case for you."

"Yep," mumbled John. Here the conversation ended, because they had come to their own gateway.

Miss Beth entered the house first and noticed that an unnatural stillness seemed to pervade the air. Going into the dining room, she stopped and stared in dumb amazement at the sight before her eyes. The room was in a chaos; everything was topsy-turvy. She investigated and found that her gift money had been stolen, along with many heirlooms. She then shouted for John, and with him searched the house high and low. Finally, John said, "It looks to me as if there had been two or three men here. They probably grabbed it and went over to the Junction. Then they could catch the midnight express."

"That's so; I didn't think of that. Well, anyway, you better go over to the Sheriff; perhaps he could find some clew," replied Miss Beth.

Time elapsed but still the robbers were not found. Everyone had a different opinion of how the robbers got in, where

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they came from, and where they went afterwards. Some believed it to be "Simple Simon," the town's foolish boy, and others believed it to have been done by a gang of notorious thieves who had committed similar crimes before. But everyone thought it was too bad, for the countryside for many miles around knew and loved Miss Beth. Daily, neighbors would bring advice and consolation.

At last, one day several months later, the rural postman came to her, saying "Mebbe I'm wrong or mebbe it ain't important but I thought I ought to te'l ye that John has been gettin' a lot of expensive turbaccer, cigars and such, and some candy from New York. Hev you been giving him any extry money or anything?"

"No, Mr. Brown," replied Miss Beth, "I haven't. I paid him nearly three weeks ago and I know that he bought two pairs of shoes and some tobacco with his money. He didn't have much left."

"Wal, if I were you, I'd watch him a mite closely for a while," said the old man.

"I will, and thank you kindly for speaking to me," replied Miss Beth earnestly.

Soon she saw John go out to the barn. Knowing that it was for no farm duty, because all had been done, she followed him. He went up into the loft and she thought to herself that she was mistaken. Of course, it was foo'ish for her to think anything wrong about John; John, who had been in the family since he was a little boy; John, who was intrusted with all the family affairs; John, who wouldn't be able to hurt anyone, say nothing about stealing from anyone. Shame on her for thinking of it. But no, suddenly she heard a crackling that sounded suspiciously like brand-new paper bills, like new bank money. Then he stumped across the loft and she turned and fled to the house. Snatching up her bonnet and shawl she went to the door and called to John with unnecessary loudness. Upon his appearing, she said that she had made up her mind to go and spend the afternoon with Mirandy Phelps. He had better finish up in the lower field. He would have plenty of time because she didn't expect to return until late afternoon. After a nod of assent from him, she drove off.

An hour later she returned, her horse covered with lather. Behind her came the sheriff with three other men. As they entered the yard, John was leading the

other of Miss Beth's horses harnessed to a small buggy. Immediately Miss Beth cried, "Where are you going?"

"Nowhere," was the sullen reply.

"Don't you lie to me, John Parke," cried Miss Beth sharply. "You stole my money and I command you," turning towards the sheriff, "arrest him."

The men surrounded John and handcuffed him. The sheriff cross-examined him and soon he confessed.

"What made you do it?" begged Miss Beth.

Turning to her angrily he said: "It wasn't fair that you should have it all, you didn't pay me enough anyway, not enough to live on."

"How did you do it?" said the sheriff.

"That was simple, I just drove her to church, turned the horse around and drove him back, found the money, and turned the table and a couple of chairs over. Then I came back to the church, got her, and then afterwards I hid the money. "Oh! I fooled you all," and John broke out in a diabolical laughter.

"Here, Jim, you better start back with him," said the sheriff hurriedly.

Then the sheriff found Miss Beth's money and heirlooms, with the exception of about twenty-five dollars.

Miss Beth thanked the sheriff and then went into her kitchen. Soon preparations were being made for supper and as Miss Beth hurried back and forth between the kitchen and dining room her thoughts kept time with her hands. She addressed her remarks to her cat, who was dozing peacefully in the light of the setting sun.

"Well, Tommy," she mused softly sighing to herself, "I can't quite understand why John did it. John was always such a good boy—why there wasn't anything but what I would have trusted to him. He was always so contented and happy here with us I can't see why—there just isn't any rhyme or reason to it anyhow."

R. G. '26.

McAvoy—Is Evelyn a good driver?

Westie—Yes, she just drives me crazy.

If a Uneeda biscuit is a soda cracker, what is a pick?

An ice cracker.

Gagne—Who gave you the black eye, La Cross?

La Cross—Nobody gave it to me, I had to fight for it.

SCHOOL NOTES

JUNIOR AND SENIOR GUEST DANCE MAY 8, 1925.

The date of the Junior-Senior guest dance has at last been decided upon for May 8. Miss Lannon, chairman of the dance committee; Hosea Bradstreet, chairman of the refreshment committee; Miss Evelyn Westran, chairman of the decorating committee, and their respective committees are all working hard to make this dance the best we have ever had. Music for dancing will be furnished by Consentino's orchestra. Dancing is to be from 8 to 12.

SHORTHAND TYPEWRITING

The first Essex County Shorthand and Typewriting contest is to be held at the Salem Normal school building on Saturday morning, May 23, at 10 o'clock. In the shorthand class there may be two representatives from a school. In the typewriting class there may be two representatives for each class (there are three classes, and students are enrolled according to their average typewriting speed). A silver cup is the award in each class for the winning school and is to be their permanent possession if won for three successive years.

CONCERT.

On Thursday evening, April 2, a very good audience was gathered at Stevens' hall to hear the concert given by members of the Alpha chapter of the Kappa Gamma Psi Fraternity of the New England Conservatory of Music. The performers were all artists in their lines. The flute soloist came from the Boston Symphony orchestra and one of the trombone players formerly functioned in Sousa's band. A number of fine selections were rendered by each of the players. The audience showed its appreciation of this excellent talent by much applause which secured many generous encores. It was a chance such as North Andover seldom has to hear such fine music. Many people are hoping to hear these artists another year.

The proceeds of the concert which were \$141.75 were divided between the

fraternity and Johnson High school. The program follows:

Brass Quartet—

Schubert Marche Militaire
Gounod Adagio from "Faust"
Schumann Traumerei
Gounod Praise Ye the Father
Messrs. White, Murphy, Hassell and Lyons.

Vocal Solos—

Secche Lungi dal caro bene
Sanderson Friend o' Mine
O'Hara
Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride
Mr. Joseph Lopez

Accompanied by M. E. C. Batson.

Piano Solo—

Hutcheson Prelude in G sharp minor
Liszt-Paganini .. Grand Etude, No. 6
Mr. Charles Touchette.

Flute Solo—

Widor Romance
Mr. Lawrence Torno
Accompanied by Mr. Touchette.

Violoncello Solo—

Bach Arioso
Mr. Edward Turner
Accompanied by Mr. Touchette.

Trio—

Ganna Extase
Titl Serenade
Messrs. Torno, Turner and Touchette.

Vocal Solos—

Verdi Il lacerato spirito
Huhn Invictus
Sanderson Until
Mr. Gennaro D'Alessandro
Accompanied by Mr. Batson

MR. ANDREWS SPEAKS TO SCHOOL.

Mr. Andrews of the Salem Commercial school came to our hall on Thursday, March 31, to speak to the school, the subject of his talk being: "Choosing a Career."

A GLIMPSE OF BOMBAY.

What was without doubt the most interesting and entertaining lecture of the term was given in Stevens hall on the morning of April 21, when Mr. Dhalwani of Bombay, India, lectured on his native country.

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Mr. Dhalwani has lived in America for the last nine years, having come from India to attend Oberlin college. After his graduation from the college through which he worked his way, he started to give lectures in the various high schools and colleges of the United States. Realizing the lack of knowledge here concerning the country on the other side of the world and being peculiarly well fitted for the task since he had lived in both America and India, he chose "India" for his subject.

Mr. Dhalwani first made a general comparison of the social and economic conditions of America and India and spoke briefly on political conditions. He explained the caste system and something of the various religions. He made the lecture especially interesting by visualizing for us the Indian methods of eating and dress. Mr. Dhalwani also dressed in the costume of his native land. He spoke three of the Indian dialects and sang a Hindu song. The enthusiastic applause of the school showed their appreciation. May we wish Mr. Dhalwani all success in his work.

The school was very pleasantly surprised on April 22 during assembly by the presentation of a picture of our boys' basketball team. The presentation was made by George Knightly, captain of the team. Miss Sargent, in behalf of school, thanked them in fitting terms. All praise and honor is theirs for our victorious year in basketball.

FRESHMAN TEA.

On Tuesday, March 17, 1925, an afternoon tea was served in the cooking room under the supervision of Miss Boyd. Miss Katherine Kelly was hostess to the members of the faculty and cooking class. Cocoa, cookies, and sandwiches were served.

It was a great success and the faculty have expressed the wish that this may not be the last affair of the kind.

LECTURES ON GREECE AND ROME.

On March 12 and April 13, 1925, Miss Annie L. Sargent gave illustrated lectures in Stevens' hall on "Greece, Ancient and Modern Athens," and on "Rome." She explained each slide carefully and told of her trip there. These lectures were well attended by the students and people

interested. They were especially appreciated perhaps by the students in the Ancient History and Latin Classes.

TYPEWRITING AWARDS.

February—Miss Lauretta Snell, Underwood and Remington, 40 words a minute. Miss Mildred Johnson, Underwood, 32 words a minute. Miss Helen Friel, Royal, 36 words a minute.

March—Miss Mildred Johnson, Royal, 30 words a minute. Miss Jeanie Lang, Remington, 27 words a minute.

EXCHANGE JOKES

IT IS WITHIN THE LAW

To steal a kiss.
To shoot the chutes.
To slash a skirt.
To murder a tune.
To beat a carpet.
To cut an acquaintance.
To kill time.
To butcher a language.
To graft a tree.
To fight life's battles.

First Undergrad—What shall we do?

Second Ditto—I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the movies, tails we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge we study.

Bassanio loved Portia, but he had no money to press his suit.

A cat has nine lives, but we understand a frog croaks every night.

Q—The water in our house is too hard for washing, what shall I do to make it soft?

Ans.—Break the water into small pieces with an ordinary tack hammer and let it simmer over a hot fire until pliable.

Q—My flatirons get rusty and this is a great bother; how can I remove it?

Ans.—To remove rust from flatirons, rub them vigorously over the starched bosom of your husband's dress shirt.

Hargreaves—We have some very fine string beans today.

Ethel Sanford—How much are they a string?

SPORT FACTS

By SPORTS EDITOR

On March 28, Coach Alva Hayes issued a call for baseball candidates and over forty boys took down their gloves from the cupboard and dusted them off in response to the summons of our high school mentor. Yes, over forty, and without one plea from Miss Sargent, Captain Boyle, or any other individual. At the end of a week of preparation practices, Mr. Hayes saw fit to reduce the squad to eighteen members or two teams. It was stated by an authoritative citizen of the town and one who follows up all sport activities at our high school, that it was the first time he ever knew of so great a number endeavoring to place on the varsity team as there was this year. It is true that one-third of the above-mentioned number were freshmen but this goes to show that even the lower classes are taking an interest along the sport line as well as our upper classmen. When the time came for the suits to be handed out, a large portion of the Freshmen boys were disappointed. As our supply of suits is very limited we were unable to meet the demands of all. But Freshmen, do not feel offended, be true interpreters of that good old proverb, "If at first you don't succeed, TRY, TRY again"

On April 17, the team truck rode to Andover to play an opener with Punchard. We certainly took a severe beating that day but as we are all good losers we will not try to dope out any alibi for our miscue. Score, Punchard 22, Johnson 7.

BASKETBALL TEAM PRESENTED SILVER CHARMS.

The basketball players for the season 1924-1925 were presented silver charms in the shape of a basketball with a red "J" of miniature size on the center of the ball. Miss Sargent, our principal, gave them to the boys in behalf of the Johnson High School Athletic association in the assembly hall on Wednesday, April 22. The boys who received them were Capt. Knightly, Carr, Wooley, J. Armstrong, F. Armstrong, Driver, Moody.

WILMINGTON VS. JOHNSON.

On Wednesday, April 22, Johnson played Wilmington in what will perhaps be the best played game this season. With the exception of a couple of errors, Johnson went through the game without further miscues. The Wilmington pitcher had nothing more than a straight ball but even so more than a dozen of Coach Hayes' hitters whipped the winds. In the ninth inning the score was 3 all. It went this way until the latter stages of the 11th inning when an error by a Johnson player and a smashing double to deep center gave Wilmington their hard earned victory of 4-3. McEvoy pitched nothing less than a perfect brand of ball throughout the game.

PUNCTUATE.

That that is is that that is not is not

EXCHANGES

"The Hermiad," Hingham High school, Hingham, Massachusetts.

"The Punchard," Punchard High school, Andover, Massachusetts.

"High School Breezes," West Newbury High school, West Newbury, Massachusetts.

"The Broadcast," Jamaica Plain High school, Boston, Massachusetts.

"The Record," Newburyport High school, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

"The Lancastrian," Lancaster High school, Lancaster, New Hampshire.

"The Item," Dorchester High school, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

"The Chronicle," Haverhill High school, Haverhill, Massachusetts.

"The Methuen High School Echo," Methuen, Massachusetts.

"Somerville High School Radiator," Somerville, Massachusetts.

"The Lawrence High School Bulletin," Lawrence, Massachusetts.

"The Sanborn Echo," Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, New Hampshire.

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"The Pinkerton Critic," Pinkerton Academy, Derry, New Hampshire.

"The Bulletin," Watertown Senior High school, Watertown, Massachusetts.

"The Alpha," Wilmington High school, Wilmington, Massachusetts.

"The Howler," Howland High school, Howland, Maine.

The following exchanges have been received since our last Journal went to press:

IN OUR EYES.

"The Hermiad," Hingham High school, Hingham, Mass.—You do not lack for literary talent. Why not have a few more jokes?

"The Puncharder," Punchard High school, Andover, Mass.—A very interesting magazine. Your jokes are very funny. We liked the story, "What's in a Name."

"High School Breezes," West Newbury High school, West Newbury, Mass.—Your magazine has improved a good deal since the last issue. We do not think your jokes are very good.

"The Broadcast," Jamaica Plain High school, Boston, Mass.—An excellent magazine. We are very glad to have the pleasure of reading it.

"The Chronicle," Haverhill High school, Haverhill, Mass.—Your grinds have been very good.

"The Methuen High School Echo," Methuen, Mass.—We congratulate you on your interesting little magazine. Your jokes are good. Have you no literary talent?"

"Somerville High School Radiator," Somerville, Mass.—What a wonderful exchange department you have! You also have poets which we do not have. Congratulations!

"The Lawrence High School Bulletin," Lawrence, Mass.—A good deal of space is devoted to athletics. Have you no story writers?

"The Pinkerton Critic," Pinkerton Academy, Derry, New Hampshire—A good little paper with interesting school news. We like your question department. Why do you not have some literary work in your paper?

"The Bulletin," Watertown Senior High school, Watertown, Mass.—An excellent weekly paper although you do not devote much space to jokes or literary work.

"The Howler," Howland High school, Howland, Maine.

IN THEIR EYES.

"Pretty small, but compact and interesting"—"The Hermiad."

"The Johnson Journal is a monthly paper. As Johnson High is a small High school, there is not much school news; but the Journal has made up for this by using a number of stories."—"The Chronicle."

"Your paper has improved greatly by having a cover, but there is still room for more improvement. You might add a few pages."—"High School Breezes."

"A well set up paper. It reflects credit on your school."—"The Puncharder."

"The jokes were really funny—we actually laughed at them."—"The Bulletin" (Watertown).

L. SNELL.

Miss Thomas—Burke, what's the condition of that book?

Burke (giving it the once over)—I donno.

Miss Thomas—Is it new?

Burke—Guess it was once.

Miss Sargent—Hosea, why are you late?

Hosea—I-I-I-oh, I-I-I—words fail me!

Miss Thomas (asking for current event)—Andrew."

John—Here!

Miss Thomas (going over the list of Current Events)—The Flying Finn, Miss Twombly?"

Gert—A famous American airship!

Teacher—Miss Broderick, who is the Italian ambassador to the United States?

Grace—Henry Cabot Lodge!

Pat would be glad to tell any one his method of glueing chairs with furniture polish.

Knightly's Boiler Room Band will furnish music at recesses this spring.

HISTORIC EPISODES.

Waiter—Has your order been taken?

Waitee—Yes, and so has Bunker Hill.

Smith—How'd you get by in English without studying?

Sears—Worked a cross-word puzzle that my teacher couldn't figure out."

CLASSROOM WHISPERINGS



JOKES.

John doesn't have to have much pull with the girls to drag them to baseball games.

IN A FRESHMAN'S EYES.

A Senior stood on a railroad track,
The train was coming fast,
The train got off the railroad track
And let the Senior pass.

Head Waiter—How did you find the luncheon, sir?

Patron—Oh, I had a hard job, you little rascal, but I finally discovered it behind the salt seller.

Hosie—Hello, old man, how's everything?

Westie—She's fine, thanks.

Bob Burke—Don't knock my Ford, it has enough knocks of its own.

John Osgood—Yep, every knock's a boost; that's why it's so good on the hills.

The absent-minded Prof. who pours sirup down his back and scratches his pancake.

Jock—Hear we're having April 19th out.

Dudda—What's April 19th?

Jock—Lexington Day.

Dudda—Well, why don't they celebrate Lincoln's birthday?

Jock—Why, I donno.

Dudda—Well, I'd like to know if he's any better man than Lincoln.

Luke—I dreamt I died last night.

Bill S.—What woke you up?

Luke—The heat.

Lives of Seniors all remind us

We should strive to do our best
And departing leave behind us

Notebooks that will help the rest.

Overheard in the corridor:

Senior—I'm working hard to get ahead.

Junior—You need one.

Miss Clara—Why haven't you your lesson, Miss Battles?

Peggie—I couldn't study, the lights went out.

Miss Clara—Why didn't you turn them on and send him home?

Burke—What do they call that woman in the English department that marks the papers?

Fliver—It depends on what she marks them.

Peanut Stud—Say, Ivar, what are you going to be when you grow up?

Ivar—Be a teacher.

Peanut—Why?

Ivar—Because all teachers have to do is ask questions.

Miss Cook—This is the worst recitation I ever heard. I had to do most of it myself.

Westbrooke lacks only one per cent of having a grade of one hundred (he has two 0's now).

Bill Su'livan leads the class (he sits near the door).

Cuppy Porter got all the questions in a test.

(It's the answers that bothered him.)

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Very few people know how to walk through the hall's in a dignified manner. If your bones are too crooked to skip try the camel walk. Never walk—it is an indication of sluggishness.
2. Always try to be late to your classes. This shows your "buxom, blithe and debonaire" attitude.
3. On exam. days always be absent. It will make the teacher realize how much she misses your shining countenance, etc., etc.
4. Take your time in reciting. Remember "silence is golden" and besides, the teacher will appreciate your thoughtfulness.
5. Should you disagree with the teacher, throw a book at her. Most teachers like a wide-awake, vivacious pupil.
6. Last but not least, always chew gum in your classes. It will bring back fond memories to your teacher of the brindle cow in the shade of the old apple tree.

Wouldn't it be funny if:

Fliver was a wagon instead of a Carr?
Louise was an owl instead of an Auger?
Blanche was a clipper instead of a Shearer?

Luke was June instead of May?
Jessie was a seamstress instead of a Taylor?

Ruth was an arbor instead of a Bower?
Austin was fuzzy instead of Woolley?
Russell was a hunt instead of a Chase?

Hilda was tame instead of Wi'de?
George was daily instead of Knightly?
Peggy was peace instead of Battles?
Ed was a tenement instead of a Ward?
Max was a hunter instead of a Fisher?
Irene was a waitress instead of a Cook?
Jos was a farmer instead of a Smith?
Dot was a hut instead of a Castle?
Clara was straight instead of Curly?
Marion was a bottle instead of a Case?
"Annie L." was a private instead of a Sargent?

Eleanor was Tom's instead of Wil's?
Ruth was plaid instead of Paisley?
Mary was Tigers instead of Lyons?
Mr. Hayes was Rutherford instead of Alvah?

Elizabeth was knowing instead of Gesing?

Bill was cheerful instead of Moody?

JOKES.

Customer (on the telephone)—Have you any flesh-colored stockings?

Hosiery clerk—Yes, whadda ya want? Pink, ye'low or black?

Hooch—a week end drink. You drink it Tuesday and the week ends immediately.

A MATTER OF BULK.

"Doesn't it give you a terrible feeling when you run over a man?" Grace asked John. "Yes, if he is a large man," replied

Osgood. "It gives me a pretty rough jolt sometimes."

Why should a beggar wear a very short coat?

Because it will be long enough before he gets another.

Dudda Knightly certainly is a good singer. You'll have to admit Johnny Osgood is a close second.

It's no wonder the pupils in the Freshman class are dopey. They stay awake all night thinking of exams.

Miss Wills (to Sjostrom)—Change this sentence so that the prepositional phrase will come in the right place:

"Rover finally lost the use of his legs; so we had to shoot him out of humanity."

Iver—"Rover finally lost the use of his legs; so we had to shoot humanity out of him."

MIXED MEAT.

"Why, dad, this is roast beef!" exclaimed Willie at dinner one evening when a guest of honor was present.

"Of course," said his father, "what of that?"

"Why, you told mother this morning that you were going to bring home an old muttonhead for dinner this evening!"

ALMOST AS BAD AS VIVISECTION.

"What are you crying for, my lad?"

"Cause farver's invented a new soap substitoot, an' every time a customer comes in, I get washed as an advertisement."

Professor—What is the penalty for bigamy?

Low-student—Two mothers-in-law.

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

THRIFT.

Mrs. Hayes: "Alvah, you had better lay in a supply of stamps. I see that Congress is talking of raising the postage on letters."

WOOF.

"I don't suppose you keep anything so civilized as dog biscuits in this one-horse, run-down, jay-town, do you?" snarled the tourist. "Oh, yes, stranger," the village merchant responded pleasantly; "quite a few folks like you come through from the city and we aim to have everything called for. Have 'em in a bag or eat 'em here?"

A pair in a hammock,
Attempted to kiss,
And in less than a jiffy,
They landed like this.

"Do you know Nina?"
"Nina who?"
"Nina-clock."

Miss Greene—What is Apollo god of?
Pupi!—God of chocolates.

Miss Hatch—Give me that chewing gum instantly.
Luke (generously)—I'll give you half of it.

"What is at the end of a ring?"
"A door-bell."

Sully—Do you like dates with peaches?
Berry—It depends on the kind.

DeVebre—Did you ever take chloroform?
G. Schruender—No, who teaches it?

Room 10. Grogan translating French:
"And the little daisy sat on its green leg and—"

"Say, what kind of a fellow is Alex Taylor?"

"He's one of those fellows who always grabs the stool when there is a piano to be moved."

A HERO.

Much credit is due John B. Osgood for the superhuman feat which he performed on Osgood street recently. One of the deadly cobra snakes of the African jungle was seen crawling on the sidewalk across from John's house. Thoughtful John realizing the danger that would

follow if something was not done, immediately picked up a pebble and cast it at this ferocious reptile. However, he misjudged his shot and the snake snapped at him. No sooner did this happen than John drew his cane as Sir Lancelot used to draw his sword from his scabbard and struck the beast a fatal blow separating its head from the rest of the body. By this time a great crowd had gathered to witness the adventure. John was praised by all present for his unusual courage and the next day the event was printed in the paper telling the story in full and a photograph of John was the outstanding figure on the front page of the paper. It was later discovered that John had killed a snake which had escaped from a circus truck passing through New England.

WOW!

Mrs. Richardson—Have some more pudding, son?

Norman—Awfully good—just a mouthful.

Mrs. Richardson—Jessie, fill up Norman's plate.

ANCIENT ENOUGH.

Smith—So you cured your wife of the antique craze? How did you do it?

Jones—I gave her a 1914 car for her birthday.

AMPLE TIME.

Speeder—It is true that I was traveling rather fast, but I can explain that if you'll give me a little time.

Judge—Ten days!

ANYWAY IT WAS A SUIT.

Judge—Have you appeared as a witness in a suit before?

Abie—Why shure, Judge.

Judge—What suit was it?

Abe—If I remember right, it was a blue serch.

WORKING AT HIS TRADE.

Cop—What is your business?

Prisoner—I am a locksmith.

Cop—Well, what were you doing in that gambling house we just raided?

Prisoner—When you came in, I was making a bolt for the door.

I'm going to college now. I'm taking up Latin, Spanish, German and French."

"That's nothing. My brother is taking up French, German, Irish, Polish, Spanish, Italian, Syrian and Chinese."

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

"What college does he go to?"

"He doesn't go to college. He's an elevator boy."

Mr. Taylor—Is your Alma going to practice on the piano this afternoon?

Mrs. Knowles—Yes.

Mr. Taylor—Well, then, will you please loan me your lawnmower? I have to do the lawn sometime anyway.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

(With apologies to Henry W. Longfellow)

Under an ad for gasoline

The village smithy stands;
He's agent for the Ford machine,
And several other brands.
He hasn't shod a horse for years,
For fear he'd soil his hands.

He wears a gold watch on his wrist,
A pearl pin in his tie;
His links are made of amethyst—
The finest he could buy.
There's not a thing the smithy wears
That doesn't please the eye.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
He sees the autos come,
With brakes that are not working right
And axles on the bum.
With gas, repairs, and grease and oil
He makes a tidy sum.

He has a staff of skilful men
That number twenty-four,
Who toil from six a. m. till ten,
And sometimes even more.
The smithy never does a stroke—
He thinks that work's a bore.

The children coming home from school
Look in at the open door,
And laugh to see some city fool
Set up an awful roar,
When called to pay some whopping bill
The smith has soaked him for.

He goes on Sunday to the kirk,
His mind quite free from cares,
Because his men are hard at work
With punctures and repairs.
And if the weather's fine and warm,
The smith says grateful prayers.

Oiling—refilling—repairing,
Onward through life he goes
And never once despairing
As long as his income grows.
Each night the thought of some one done
Augments his sweet repose.

Advice:

To the thin: Don't eat fast.

To the fat: Don't eat. Fast.

"You look like Helen Brown."

"Thanks, I look even worse in white."

Old Mr. Alligator—My, what a bright lad! What are you going to be when you grow up?

Willie Alligator—A traveling bag.

Jessie Taylor—Well, I answered a question in class today.

Squier—What answer did you give?

J. Taylor—Present.

Mr. Hayes—"Ward, what is work?

Ward (sleepy; stretching and opening one eye)—Everything's work."

Mr. Hayes (not irate)—Do you mean to tell me this table is work?

Ward (closing one eye and resuming former attitude)—Sure, wood-work.

Many a True Word Has Been Spoken
Between False Teeth!

Old lady (to a man who had just had both legs amputated)—How are you today, my good man?

"Oh! I guess I can't kick."

DUMB-BELLS.

Moody—What say we elope.

Kate—Just a minute 'till I ask my mother.

MEAN MAMMA.

Porter—I'm off Dot Mich. She insulted me.

Jack—How?

Cuppy—She asked me if I danced.

Jack—What's insulting about that?

Cuppy—I was dancing with her when she asked me.

AN ACCIDENT.

Miss Hatch—Who was that who laughed aloud?

Blanche—I did m'am, but I didn't mean to do it.

Miss Hatch—You didn't mean to do it?

Blanche—No, I laughed up my sleeve and I didn't know there was a hole in my elbow.

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